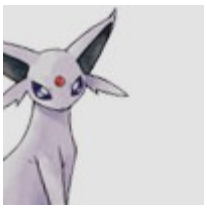
## [fic] The Return of the Cas.

- Apr. 24th, 2010 at 2:16 PM



**Title:** The Return of the Cas.
**Fandom:** Supernatural.
**Pairing:** Castiel/OFC.
**Rating:** NC-17 for sex, dubcon, minor angelcest, and Gabriel being himself.
**Summary:** Castiel has to go into the Casa Erotica flick to find Gabriel after he gets back from Heaven.
**Notes: MAJOR spoilers for 5x19.** Coda to the episode. Written for a prompt at **spn_gabriel**'s Kink Meme.

For additional enjoyment, watch this video after Gabriel shows up in a bathrobe.

Finally, the timestamp is a direct reference to the Bible's book of Luke, chapter 1, verse 19: *And the angel answering said unto him, I am Gabriel, that stand in the presence of God; and am sent to speak unto thee, and to shew thee these glad tidings.*

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It had taken time to escape Heaven again. Even if he was growing more powerful every moment he spent there, spending Grace to heal his chest and evade every angelic being strong enough to drag him before Zachariah took time.

But he did escape, and soon Castiel was walking Earth again. Soon he was obtaining another cellphone, and soon he had Dean's location.

The flight was short, and soon he was in the Winchester's latest hotel room. He closed the cellphone, watching Dean to the same, and Sam was standing up from one of the beds, and then -

There was Grace, curling around Sam's laptop. Castiel immediately walked over to it, frowning, *looking*. The moment he was looking, he saw it: tightly curled Grace, humming with power.

"Cas?"

Castiel didn't look up, trying to look deeper and see why Sam's laptop had more Grace in it than in many angels. "What happened to that computer?"

"Nothing?" Sam came over. "What's wrong with my computer?"

"Your computer has more angelic power in it than Zachariah has." Castiel was still

looking on both planes, searching for Enochian sigils that might explain it, but neither view was helpful.

"My computer's more powerful than a Seraph?"

"*Yes*. What happened?"

Sam sat down, opening his laptop, frowning at it. "Nothing. Not to my computer - "

"Wait, Sam. What if Gabriel did something to that movie he sent us?" Dean came over, and when Castiel looked at him, Dean looked away.

Something had happened.

"Tell me."

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After they had summarized the events in the hotel from hell, as Dean was calling it, Castiel knew whose Grace it was.

After showing him the message in Casa Erotica, Castiel shook his head.

"Gabriel isn't dead."

"But the video said - "

"Show me the casing it came in."

Sam reached into his bag and came up with the empty case. He handed it over, and it didn't take long for Castiel to find the Enochian in the fine print on the back.

"It's a time stamp. There's another message in the video, meant for me."

"I don't want to watch it." Sam said, standing. "No more porn for me, thanks."

Dean laughed, giving Sam a look. "Samantha, you dig up corpses on a regular basis. You can watch a porno."

Castiel was already opening the movie file, and pressing fast forward, eyes on the minutes and seconds.

"I don't watch angel porn, Dean."

"So what porn do you watch, huh?"

Castiel didn't mention that neither one of them was watching it. Instead the minutes ticked forward.

"Jerk."

"Bitch."

A minute passed in silence, and around 45:32 Dean asked a question.

"What's the time stamp you're looking for, Cas? These things are usually just an hour."

"One hour, twenty minutes."

"How the hell do they fit that much porn into an hour?" Sam asked, and Castiel was sure that if he asked Dean, he would be told that Sam was wearing one of his special bitchfaces. Dean had told him about those, and how he had numbered them.

The minutes scrolled on, and then Castiel hit play at exactly 1:19:00.

"Heya, bro. I'm going to hope that you're Castiel, and that Dean and Sam didn't get themselves killed while protecting this." Gabriel paused, then grinned, reclining in a red leather armchair, wearing a bathrobe that was thankfully closed. "Or, hello, Dean! If you're watching this, pass it along to Castiel after you finish your session. You can fastforward about two minutes to get back to the good stuff."

"What the hell, I wouldn't watch *this*."

"Ah ah ah! No protests, Dean. I know you like brunettes with blue eyes, and I've got plenty of those." Gabriel waved a hand, smirking and resumed his address at Castiel. "Seriously, though. Castiel, I'm alive. I can't tell you exactly where I am, because you might just be one of Luci's demons watching this, and I'd rather not tangle with him at the moment. Castiel: remember TV land? I'm sure you do. You can find me, even if you don't play your role. I'll be waiting."

The music that was playing abruptly switched from something soft and romantic to Queen's Flash.

"Oh, god." Dean said, abruptly averting his eyes.

Gabriel bounced his eyebrows and whipped his bathrobe open as the first line was sung.

Sam closed the laptop, clearing his throat.

"So, what now?"

"First we find him," Dean said, glaring at the laptop. "And then we kill him. I used to like that song."

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"Do not remove the movie from your laptop, Sam. It will be...difficult to complete this if any unnecessary changes are made to its environment."

"You're going *where*?"

"I will not be long." Castiel wrote down a string of symbols on a piece of spare paper and handed it to Dean. "Put a drop of your blood on this to activate it. I will hear, and I will come back immediately."

"Emergency beeper, activated with blood, got it."

Castiel nodded, and vanished with the sound of wings.

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He arrived in Casa Erotica in the bedroom Gabriel had given his first message in, and there was an orgy going on in the expansive bed.

Castiel had to remind himself that these were illusions, and tried to sort out thigh from arm from mouth, and there - *there*, in the tangle of bodies was Gabriel. He stepped forward, intending to break up the orgy, but Gabriel looked him straight in the eyes.

"Sorry, but I can't be sure you're not from Luci, not yet," Gabriel said, and he snapped his fingers.

The ladies as one looked at Castiel, Gabriel vanished, and apparently in Casa Erotica the illusions were strong enough to drag him to bed, even if he didn't want to go.

The blond had her hands in his pants, and wasn't *that* doing something to his body, the redhead was kissing him, and the brunette was working at his tie.

Castiel tried to push them off, but the redhead caught his hands and nipped at his lip. "Enjoy it, sugar," she said, taking his undone tie from the brunette, who was doing something with her lips and teeth to his neck that made his hips buck without his permission. His hands were bound above his head in short order, and then he was being kissed again, three sets of hands ridding him of clothing, tearing it as necessary.

"I don't want this - "

"Not according to this," the redhead was touching his cock, stroking it, and Castiel had *never* done anything with that portion of his anatomy. It felt overwhelming, warm and good, and his hips moved forward without his conscious permission.

"Ooo, sugar, you're going to love this," and she fit her mouth over his tip, her

eyes meeting his as she did so and that pushed him over the edge. New and warm and it felt like a rush of pure bliss, and he was coming, a new sensation all over again.

He had a minute where the girls didn't do anything, and then there was the sound of a snap, the girls were gone, he was clean and clothed, and Gabriel was standing next to the bed.

"Heya, bro."

"Gabriel," Castiel sat up, still flustered.

"You found me, congratulations. That was the identity test, and you passed with flying colors."

Castiel stood, glaring, and Gabriel raised his hands.

"Hey, I needed to keep intruders out, and everyone's vulnerable during the bit where you get to come, so I could check your Grace. Besides, it felt good, didn't it?"

Castiel kept glaring, and didn't answer, which prompted a shrug and a sigh.

"I'm laying low here for the now, brother. Luci thinks I'm dead, and I'd like to keep him convinced of that while I dig through my bag of tricks. Tell the Winchesters that I'll be out for hugs in a day or two."

Gabriel winked at Castiel, and snapped his fingers, and the world fuzzed around Castiel as he reappeared outside the laptop.

There were questions, asking him what had happened, but Castiel was thinking of one thing, and one thing only: the redheaded girl had looked at him with gold eyes, old and playful and sad.